

Yeah, he's fucking crazy but he's still my baby by irisirene

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Anal Sex, Consensual Underage Sex, Drug Use, Drunk Sex, Dubious Consent, First Time, M/M, Non-Linear Narrative, Oral Sex, Songfic, Underage Drinking

Language: English

Characters: Assorted High School Kids, Billy Hargrove, Carol (Stranger Things), Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Tommy H. (Stranger Things)

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-12-03

Updated: 2018-12-03

Packaged: 2022-04-23 03:07:13

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Rape/Non-Con, Underage

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,858

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

A Non-Linear look at Billy and Steve's evolution. Also, a songfic.

“So, you couldn’t get a date, Harrington?”

Billy goads as Steve finishes his drink, crowding Steve against the cinderblock wall in a way that has Steve’s pulse racing.

Steve snorts in amusement at Billy’s behavior, rolling his eyes and pretending not to notice that his pulse is now racing with the way Billy’s blatantly staring at his mouth. They don’t do this at school. Certainly not right outside the fucking prom where their entire class was partying.

“What’s it to you, Hargrove?,” Steve replies a moment later, feeling victorious when Billy’s eyes flash with something that looks a Hell of a lot like jealousy. That’s new.

Steve is so wasted that it doesn’t even register for almost a minute that he’s making out with Billy Hargrove, asshole extraordinaire.

Billy opens his eyes and the streetlights light up the car just enough that Steve can see the tender way he looks back at him, his heart crawling up into his throat at the complicated beauty that is Billy Hargrove. He’s so, so, fucked.

Yeah, he's fucking crazy but he's still my baby

Author's Note:

This fic is based on the song Baby by Bishop Briggs. There's a link to the lyric video further on down, if you'd like to listen while you read :) . I've had a Harringrove fic based on this song in mind for a loooong time, but I never dreamed it'd be this long or follow a non-linear narrative. That's not usually my style and I'm not quite sure how it worked out here so a little feedback is definitely desired.

Please leave kudos or a comment, if you can! I welcome any constructive criticism and any spelling/grammar fixes. I'm not used to this verb tense, so I'm not confident that I didn't miss something being in past tense. Enjoy!

As per the Rape/Non-Con warning, I tagged that because I worried that the drunk sex scenes contained inside this fic might trigger some of you good folks and I didn't want that!

Baby by Bishop Briggs

He likes zombies

And the apocalypse

He's got some black magic up in those fingertips

Got a gold tooth

And a shit car

Always running his mouth, yeah he's got a few scars

Billy's grin is all danger as he leans against the lockers across from the drinking fountain, cocky with his expertly teased hair and white tux as he watches Steve drink from the fountain, his tongue coming out to wet his lips like he's the one who's thirsty. Although, maybe he is, because he's the one who's actually been dancing while Steve awkwardly hung out with Jonathan and wondered why the Hell he even bothered to come.

"So, you couldn't get a date, Harrington?,"

Billy goads as Steve finishes his drink, crowding Steve against the cinderblock wall in a way that has Steve's pulse racing.

Steve snorts in amusement at Billy's behavior, rolling his eyes and pretending not to notice that his pulse is now racing with the way Billy's blatantly staring at his mouth. They don't do this at school. Certainly not right outside *the fucking prom* where *their entire class* was partying.

"What's it to you, *Hargrove?* ," Steve replies a moment later, feeling victorious when Billy's eyes flash with something that looks a Hell of a lot like jealousy. That's new.

Billy starts to lean in, his hand resting on the wall behind Steve's head, his eyes darting between Steve's laughing gaze and his smiling mouth when the door to the gym opens and lets out some of the blaring music into the hallway. He jumps away from Steve like he's been burnt, disappearing back into the gym as a couple of junior girls

come out, giggling about something.

Nancy's behind them and she gives him an odd look before he smiles placatingly at her and pretends that the last thirty seconds don't bother him as much as they do.

And I love the way that

He puts my seat back

Looks at me

Pulls a joint out his backpack

Ay, ay

Ride or die every night every day

Steve can hear when Billy's camaro pulls into his driveway, the motor loud even when idling in park. He's out of the door before his parents can say anything, grateful for the escape when his parents have been back for an entire week now. They'll be gone again soon, but not soon enough for Steve's taste. Their silence is worse than the quiet of the house when they're gone.

Billy's the perfect distraction, though. Leaning against the car, with the driver's side door open against his back, smirking at him from behind his ridiculous mirror sunglasses like he wants to eat Steve

alive. The desire is mutual, Steve thinks, opening the passenger side door and sliding into Billy's precious car, breathing in the mixed scents of leather, Billy's cologne, and stale cigarettes.

Steve instantly relaxes as he breathes deep, before Billy slides back into the car himself, turning the radio on before reaching for the bar underneath Steve's seat, pulling it and giving Steve more leg room without even having to ask.

They trade soft smiles as Billy backs out of the driveway and tosses his backpack at Steve. "Front pocket, there's a present for you," he remarks with a toothy grin, his arm coming up to rest behind Steve's head as he drives.

Curious, Steve dutifully unzips the front pocket of Billy's backpack before reaching in and pulling out the expertly rolled joint that Billy tucked in there. He raises his eyebrows at Billy before he shrugs, leaning forward to push the cigarette lighter inward, triggering the coil inside to start heating.

Moments later to a soundtrack of Van Halen's Jump and Billy's laughter, Steve is coughing up his lungs and laughing too. The smoke fills the car as they pass it back and forth, driving around in a 50 mile circle, just hanging out.

There's nowhere they have to be and they only time they stop, it's to pull over on the side of a deserted highway to make out in both the front and the backseat of Billy's car.

My baby's got a fucked up head

Doesn't matter 'cause he's so damn good in bed

Yeah he's still my baby

Yeah he's fuckin' crazy but he's still my baby

My baby's misunderstood

How could something so bad look so damn good

Yeah he's still my baby

Yeah he's fuckin' crazy but he's still my baby

The first time that they fuck, Steve is drunk, his head reeling as Billy pulls him into a bathroom at one of their teammates' parties. He looks around the room, trying to figure out whose house this is by the bathroom decor and why Billy has pulled him in here.

Billy's body language is off, way too close to Steve for comfort, but he doesn't seem to be looking for a fight. This is a pretty damn weird place to choose to kick his ass, though from the look on Billy's face, it doesn't seem like he's thought...whatever this is through all the way.

Steve doesn't even get "What the Hell?," out of his mouth before Billy is crowding him up against the sink and pressing a kiss to his lips. Steve is so wasted that it doesn't even register for almost a minute

that he's *making out with Billy Hargrove, asshole extraordinaire* .

His first thought is *Billy tastes like stale beer and cheap cigarettes* and not *What. The. Fuck?!* like thinks it should be. Steve also thinks he should push Billy away, maybe try and punch him in the face if his drunken aim is any good.

He doesn't. Instead, Steve just groans and buries his hands in Billy's ridiculous mullet, lets Billy manhandle him and unzip his jeans.

His drunk mind can't even fathom this situation before Billy's pulling his jeans down, pausing only to make sure the bathroom door is locked before his big rough hand is on Steve's dick, tugging it to full hardness in just a couple of strokes.

"Fuck," Billy breathes as they make eye-contact, Billy slipping to his knees, his eyes moving back and forth between Steve's dick in his hand and Steve's wide-eyed gaze. Steve is proud that he lasts long enough to feel what Billy's pretty mouth feels like on his dick.

He's just getting his own hand in Billy's skintight jeans when voices in the master bedroom clue them into the fact that they're not alone in this half of the house. Billy disappears before he's even got his pants zipped all the way back up, his dick still hard in the leg of his pants.

Steve can't understand why he's disappointed that he couldn't return

the favor. Or why he let Billy Hargrove blow him in Carol's bathroom. Or why Billy swallowed.

Doin' stupid shit

When he drinks too much

But he looks good in leather so I don't give a fuck

And his Gucci shoes

Chewin' Juicy Fruit

And I got that sugar, sugar for his sweet tooth

Several curses come flowing out of Steve's mouth as he finally sets eyes on Billy at Tommy's party, looking outside through the kitchen window. Billy's nearly shirtless despite the fact that it's *December* and there's snow on the fucking ground, and he's all up in this guy from Zionville's face. The smirk on Billy's face and his body language are pure *trouble* and Steve knows that this is at least partially his fault.

They'd arranged to meet here at Tommy's party, make off with some booze and a joint or two, and make their own party somewhere Billy can get his hand down Steve's pants if he wants. But, Steve couldn't decide what to wear and dragged his ass a little too much when styling his hair, so now Billy's shitfaced and itching for a fight because he couldn't fuck instead.

Steve doesn't know when exactly they became monogamous, but it's been that way for a bit now, and he feels fucked up for being grateful that Billy's sought out company for something else entirely instead of going for the female population of Hawkins High.

He gets outside just in time to watch Billy take a hit to the face before he lets loose on the other guy with a manic grin, hitting him once-twice-three times before the guy hits the ground. Steve just stands there in surprise, looking at the guy out cold on the ground and then at Billy.

Billy is utterly triumphant, covered in a slight sheen of sweat wherever his skin is exposed--particularly the extreme 'v' created by his half-zipped leather jacket--, his grin is stained with blood from his split lip and the small group that had gathered to watch the fight go down are yelling and slapping him on the back with congratulations. Steve can only stare, his mouth going dry.

Licking the blood from his bleeding lip, Billy leaves behind his adoring fans, drunkenly sauntering over to Steve, fire in his eyes. The rest of the party is slowly drowned out as Billy reaches him, grinning widely.

"Did you see that shit, Harrington?! I whooped his fuckin' ass," Billy declares proudly, his chest puffed outwards and eyes practically batting as he seeks Steve's approval.

God help him but he gives it, rolling his eyes in good humor and handing Billy the beer he was going to drink. "I'm sorry I'm late," Steve says, sparing another glance to the guy on the ground. He's starting to come around, good.

Billy snorts. "I'm not," he says before chugging the beer down in record time. Steve concedes the fact that the guy from Zionsville is a *known* prick.

Billy grabs Steve by the wrist and pulls him back into Tommy's house, blatantly taking a six-pack of beer from Tommy's fridge and one of the joints sitting on the kitchen table, ignoring the people who try to get his attention. "Fuck this noise, let's get out of here," Billy remarks, sticking an unlit cigarette in the uninjured side of his mouth, his gaze roaming hungrily over Steve's body on the way out to Steve's car. "Nice outfit."

And I like the way that we walk the train tracks

Foggin' the, windows up, on the way back

Ay, ay

Ride or die every night every day

Steve has lost count of how many times they've fucked in Billy's car. Most of the time, they just fool around: a hand here, a blowjob or two there. It's not the best place for penetrative sex, they're both too tall for laying down to be comfortable for very long and it's often

way too dangerous to make people suspicious with the tell-tale way the camaro rocks.

This time, though, they're both riding high from winning a game against Billy's new favorite rivals Zionville and Steve's parents are home for the week *again* so his bedroom is definitely out. They'd been making out for forever in Billy's backseat, both hard and aching as the camaro's windows fogged up with the humidity from their shared breath.

Steve's brain goes completely offline when Billy looks down at him through heavy-lidded eyes and murmurs: "You wanna fuck me, baby?," his perfect mouth bright red and kiss swollen. Steve's blood pressure goes through the roof and his hands tighten on Billy's ass unconsciously at the mere thought. They haven't done it that way and it's never occurred to him to ask about it. It's not like he hasn't enjoyed everything else they've gotten up to.

"Fuck yeah," is all he can say in response, the moment that he can form words again, his lust thrumming low in his belly as he reaches up to trace the contours of Billy's lips.

Not twenty minutes later, Billy's groaning with pleasure as he lowers himself onto Steve's dick, his tight jeans off and balled up in the front seat of the camaro, his shirt unbuttoned and wrinkled to Hell, face flushed to the roots of his hair. He looks perfectly debauched and Steve realizes that he's painfully in love with Billy Hargrove.

Billy opens his eyes and the streetlights light up the car just enough that Steve can see the tender way he looks back at him, his heart crawling up into his throat at the complicated beauty that is Billy Hargrove. He's so, so, fucked.

My baby's got a fucked up head

Doesn't matter 'cause he's so damn good in bed

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How could something so bad look so damn good

Yeah he's still my baby

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Yeah, yeah, I like him like that

Yeah, yeah, I like him like that

Yeah, yeah, I like him like that

Yeah he's fuckin' crazy but he's still my baby

Sometimes I run my fingers through his hair

Think of the crazy shit that's under there

Angel and devil and that jet black stare

Yeah, yeah, I like him like that

They're basking in the afterglow, lounging on Steve's bed as Billy smokes a cigarette, the smoke curling up around the ceiling as he flicks ashes into an empty beer can that he's set on Steve's bedside table.

The sheets are tangled up on the floor from round three and the room reeks of sex. Steve isn't sure he can move but even though he couldn't possibly go another round, his fingertips itch to touch Billy.

Billy turns to offer him a slight smile and a look that tells Steve that he knows exactly what Steve is thinking and it gives him chills. He'd love to know how Billy's learned to read him like that.

No one has ever noticed how he really felt or what he really thought, everyone else had been content with the surface of Steve Harrington, never wanting anything other than the shallowest of friendships. Not Billy, though.

Billy is different. Billy is mainly insane and Steve is even crazier because he *loves* Billy. Billy is mean-spirited at times, he loves fistfights and fucking shit up, is a force to be reckoned with when he

wants, but paradoxically, he is also this soft creature that can comfort Steve like no one else, that offers up intimacy shyly but without reservation, and loves with a fierceness that Steve never would have expected.

It's damn near impossible to reconcile the different parts of Billy at times, but Steve's never going to give up trying. Billy's the only mystery in his life that he wants to solve, to understand beyond a shadow of a doubt.

With that thought in mind for the hundredth or thousandth time, Steve rolls over, reaching out and combing his fingers through Billy's sweaty curls, thinking of the batshit insanity under his fingertips. Billy smiles up at him, cigarette smoke escaping from his lips as he offers Steve a drag from his cigarette.

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They get a place together after high school. Everyone but Jonathan and Nancy think they're roommates, crammed into their tiny two-bedroom and miraculously not killing each other. They only know the truth because they've walked in on Billy and Steve in too many compromising situations to rationalize it away. Some days, when he wants a laugh, Steve thinks about the way Nancy threatened to kill Billy and the way Jonathan looked as if he believed she could totally do it. She probably could.

By the time anyone's figured out that they're not just roommates, they've been living together for nearly twenty years. In Indiana, New York, and California. In apartments with leaky faucets and fifth floor walk-ups. Notably, in a house that Billy *designed* from the kitchen countertops to the trim in the guest bathroom.

March 9, 2004 is their wedding date, everyone including Jane Hopper and Dustin Henderson in attendance. He's Steve's best man and even manages to give a decent speech despite still having some misgivings about Billy, all these years later.

Steve can't stop tearing up all day, twenty years of memories and growing up together washing over him at once. He doesn't know how, when, or why he got so lucky and he says as much during their reception as Billy rolls his eyes and tries not to laugh at his sentimentality. Billy tears up later that night when they're finally alone, finally married.

"You're stuck with me forever, Harrington," Billy had said, one night decades ago, cuddling close in Steve's childhood bedroom as they fell asleep. Steve has always hoped that Billy would be right about that. He is.